

## It takes practice to develop proper leering techniques

Richard Hummel will get no sympathy from me. He has only himself to blame for his troubles.

Hummel, as you may have read or heard, is a 60-year-old engineering professor at the University of Toronto who has been barred from the campus swimming pool because he leers at female swimmers.

The females who complained to the university's sexual harassment board said Hummel's leering has been going on for years. They say he even took to wearing a snorkel mask so that his leering would not be noticeable.

The board agreed that Hummel's leering was a clear case of sexual harassment and barred the professor from the pool for five years.

The ruling has upset some men, who consider this a clear case of female chauvinism.

They point out that many women at swimming pools make a practice of leering, staring or gawking at muscular young men. Or hunks, as modern females call them.

But has anyone heard of a woman being barred from a pool for this practice?

It's even possible, these males contend, that this could also be a case of age discrimination. They question whether young women would blow the whistle on a young male with attractive lats and pecs.

Others wonder how women can really know they are being leered at by someone wearing a snorkel mask, and they have a point. Eyes play a major part of a genuine leer. And if you can't see a person's eyes, it would be difficult to say with certainty that he is leering. He might merely be staring, rather than leering.

Of course, females might respond that staring is as serious an offense as leering, although I don't agree. A leer could indicate that the leerer was having lewd thoughts. But a stare might represent nothing more than admiration for a swimming suit or curiosity about the cause and effect of cellulite in the thighs.

But we are splitting hairs. Or splitting stares. The fact is, whether he was leering or staring, peering or gawking, by the time a man reaches 60, he should

**Mike Royko**  
Columnist

have learned to do it subtly enough not to get caught.

If you are going to hang around a swimming pool to do your leering, there are a number of effective maneuvers.

One of them is the old crick in the neck trick. It consists of turning your head to the side, permitting you to peek, while rubbing your neck as if in pain. If the object of your leer makes eye contact, you simply grimace, turn your head the other way, say ouch, and continue rubbing.

Or there is the old drying off the face trick, which is hard to detect. You simply go through the motions of drying your face and scalp, while peering or leering over the top or around the edge of the towel.

There is nothing difficult about the old stretching and yawning trick. You just stretch your arms, yawn, and squint your eyes. That is the way almost everyone stretches and yawns. The secret is the squinting. You just crinkle your eye muscles as if squinting, but you don't really squint because you want to be able to peer at the object of your lust. It's difficult for someone to detect the difference between real squinting and fake squinting. You can master this trick after only a few minutes practice in front of a mirror.

And how does a man get to be 60 without knowing the old big dark glasses trick? With a set of wraparound or aviator style shades, no one can see your eyes.

This permits you to face north, while your eyes are facing northwest. Or, depending on how good your peripheral vision is, even east by northeast.

As a last resort, I would recommend a device used by an old-time private eye known as Smitty.

Smitty specialized in divorce work, which meant he would stake out motels, bars and other places the unfaithful meet.

He was very successful, and one of the keys to his success was that he could watch you while facing the opposite di-

rection, so you never got a look at his face.

He could do this because while working he wore glasses that had a tiny rear view mirror attached to the side of the frame.

I don't know if anyone sells these frames, but as an engineer, Hummel should have the skills to make a pair for himself.

Hummel did not want to discuss pool-banning or anything else, so I don't know if he is married. My guess is that he isn't.

Any married man would have at least learned the old wearily rubbing your forehead and eyes with your fingers strap trick.

And this guy is a professor? What a sad state education has come to.

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## Shhh! Don't say anything to Toto

Reveille IV would be proud.

Her funeral is getting more attention than Jessica McClure got when she fell into the well.

Reveille, Lassie and Rin Tin Tin rate better funerals than most members of royalty in small, underdeveloped countries. Those kings of the dog world are probably in doggy heaven right now, chewing on dog biscuits and reclining on their velvet La-Z-Boys — touched that we should honor them in this way.

I really hope my dog doesn't find out what is going on here because he could really get jealous.

When Toto (that's my dog — my mom named him) first found out about Reveille, he went wild. A black and white photo of Reveille was hung by his doggy bed, and every night Toto would lean over and lick it before he went to sleep.

When the Aggies played on TV, there was Toto, front and center, waiting for the camera to allow him a single glimpse of his hero, Reveille.

Then one day Toto overheard my family discussing Reveille — how Rev could get on furniture and go into classrooms. Toto felt his civil rights were being violated since he could not climb on furniture.

Toto picketed our house for three days with a pack of mutts who were passing through town. They were hippie dogs, with long hair, and they smelled like they hadn't taken a bath in a week. We were afraid Toto would pick up some of their bad habits, like chewing grass, so we reminded Toto how Reveille was such a good role model. We told Toto that Reveille would not approve of such behavior, and Toto packed it in with shame in his eyes.

But now Reveille IV is getting the funeral of the decade, nothing like the ceremony we gave my other dog, who died when I was younger.

I was about five years old when Spot died. Spot was a little white mutt with a big black spot on his back — now you know where I got his name from. Yes, I named Spot and we were good buddies.

One summer, we took Spot to my grandparents' house to leave him for a while. My grandparents lived next to a



**Becky Weisenfels**  
Editor

highway, and Spot soon really became a spot — on the highway.

Spot was put to rest under a tree in our back yard. We put him near the grave of a gopher that the next door neighbors had buried earlier that week — for some reason tragedy ran rampant in our neighborhood that year.

Spot was wrapped in an old piece of cloth. We tried to find a box, but he was too big for a shoe box, and Mom wouldn't let us dig a hole big enough for the refrigerator box we had, so we used the piece of cloth.

It was a shallow grave. "Lost in Space" was coming on at 4 p.m. and we didn't have time to do the professional job that Spot really deserved.

We dumped the limp body into the grave and covered it with dirt. We put some weeds on top of the grave. We also threw a few weeds on the gopher's grave for good measure.

We stuck a makeshift cross at the head of the grave. My brother was dressed in a black robe that we found in a closet. He was the priest, and he said a short prayer. We had communion, which was really smushed Wonderbread and red Kool-Aid.

A rousing chorus of "She'll Be Coming 'Round the Mountain" ended the service, and, as the last tear coursed down our dirty cheeks, we turned and raced screaming into the house. Spot was a distant memory, another bump in the ground to serve for third base when we played kickball.

Toto doesn't know many of the details surrounding Spot's funeral, but I know one day we will have to tell him. I am also afraid Toto will compare that ceremony to the one Reveille is getting, and we will have another strike on our hands.

Becky Weisenfels is a senior journalism major and editor of The Battalion.

## Those ugly rumors just aren't true

**Scott Kibbe**  
Guest Columnist

On-campus housing is no problem either. We will find room for you whether it be in a broom closet, a shower stall or whatever is available. And we will not attempt to match you with a roommate who shares common interests with you. The possibilities for roommates boggle the mind.

Are you afraid of missing your mother's cooking? It's all right. You will love our campus dining halls. Everyone agrees they serve the best imitation of food anywhere. The workers are hospitable and harmless so long as you do not complain while they have sharp knives in their hands.

You may choose to join our world-famous Corps of Cadets. This would be a wise choice. They will teach you new ways to talk, dress and even eat. You will have fun-runs at 6 a.m. every day regardless of the weather. You will be part of war games, mind games and, with some luck, you will perfect your push-ups. And don't worry about grades. You can study over Thanksgiving. Your professors will understand.

Like the Corps, Aggie Bonfire is a

great Aggie tradition. Every Saturday and Sunday for two months you can go out and chop wood all day long. If you live in the dorms, enthusiastic persons will come by at 5 a.m. to make sure bonfire has not slipped your mind.

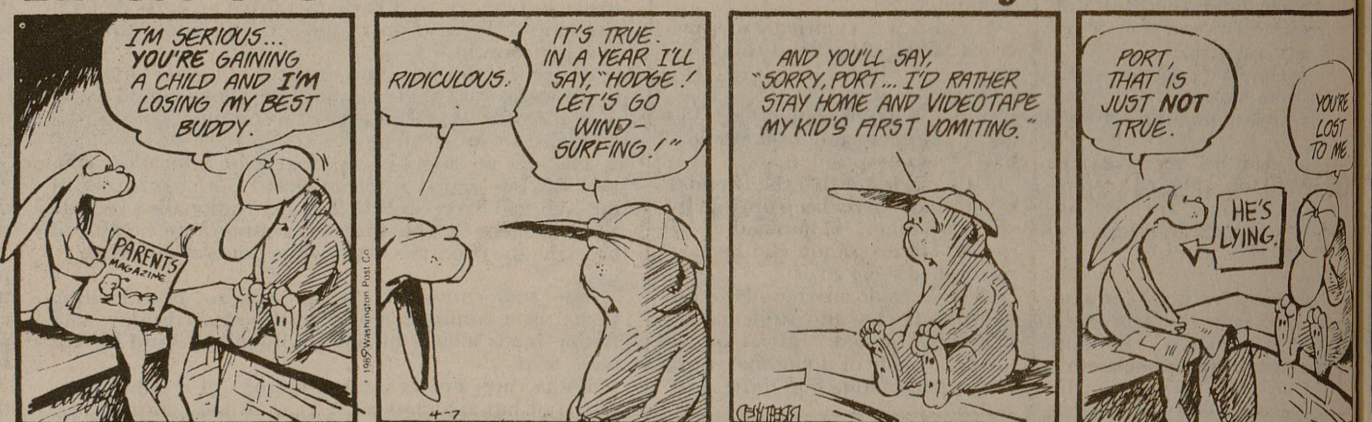
Someday, if you work hard, you may become a bonfire leader or "redpot" which will allow you to stand beyond the gurgitating distance of the happy Aggies. And while you work on bonfire, don't worry about grades. You can study over Thanksgiving. Your professors will understand.

If you choose to study before the break, there is no better place to do so than Sterling C. Evans Library. This is the coziest major university library anywhere. It is also a great place to learn about Greek life at A&M. You will hear from them anywhere you go in the library. You can also study in the dorms between the hours of 5 and 6 a.m. when noise is controlled.

We hope you will choose Texas A&M as your new home, like almost every other graduate in the state of Texas this year. This will be evident when you stand in line to register. See you in the fall. Gig 'em Aggies.

Scott Kibbe is a junior journalism major and guest columnist for The Battalion.

### BLOOM COUNTY



by Berke Breathed

### The Battalion

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## Corps revise

By Stephen Mas

SENIOR STAFF WRIT

Corps of Cadets said security increased in and around the halls less than an attack on the

Keys were issued Dorm 5 for outer corridors were added of the stairwells of March 28, six days entered the fourth two female cadets Lane, assistant director Housing, said.

The assailant, identified as Harry entered the room with two rifling knife. Horak is Brazos County Jail counts. Bail has \$100,000.

George Thomas Corps housing, said security measures in female members Band to lock their

Cadets normally to have their doors locked during preparation in the during call to quarry study time for 7:30-10:30 p.m. Thursday.

## Sena

By Stephen Master

SENIOR STAFF WRIT

A bill that recent state Senate would ment entities to avoid candidates' names for so

If approved by Gov. Bill Clements form, the bill, with a by Sen. Bob McFarlan would allow public of hold the names of campaign manager, school superintendent, university chief executive a list of finalists is bill requires the reevaluation at least seven days action is taken on the

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